water on thy Choller;goe about the fields with me through *Frogmore, I* will bring thee where Miſtris *Anne Page* is,at a Farm-houſe a Feaſting; and thou ſhalt wooe her, Cride-game,ſaid *I* well?

Cai. By-gar,me danck you vor dat; by gar *I* loue you,and *I* ſhall procure'a you de good Gueſt;de Earle,de Knight,de Lords,de Gentlemen,my patients.

Hoſt. For the which,*I* will be thy aduerſary toward *Anne Page*.ſaid *I* well?

Cai. By-gar,'tis good vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles,*Iack Rugby.*

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Caius, Rugby.

Euans. I pray you now,good Maſter *Slenders* ſeruingman and friend *Simple* by your name; which way haue you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelfe Doctor of Phiſicke.

Simp. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward, euery way, olde *Windſor* way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

Euan. I moſt fehemently deſire you,you willlooke that way.

Simp. I will ſir.

Euan. Pleſſe my ſoule: how full of Chollors *I* am and trempling of minde; *I* ſhall be glad if hee haue deceiued me: how melancholies *I* am? *I* will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues coſtard,when *I* haue good oportunities for the orke. Pleſſe my ſoule. *To ſhallow Riuers to whoſe falls; melodious Birds ſing Madrigalls: There will wee make our Peds of Roſes: and a thouſand fragrant poſies. To ſhallow*: 'Mercie on mee, *I* haue a great diſpoſitions to cry: *Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls:——When as I ſat in Pabilon:*

bilon: and a thouſand vagrams Poſies. To ſhallow,&c.

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way Sir *Hugh*

Euan. Hee's welcome: *To ſhallow Riuers,in whoſe*
Heauen proſper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir; there comes my maſte
Shallow,and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*,
ſtile,this way.

Euen. Pray you giue me my gowne, or elſe ke
your armes.

Shal. How now Maſter Parſon? good morro
Sir *Hugh*, keepe a Gameſter from the dice, and
Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. Ah ſweet *Anne Page.*

Page. Saue you,good Sir *Hugh.*

Euan. Pleaſe you from his mercy-ſake,all of you

Shal. What? the Sword,and the Word?
Doe you ſtudy them both Maſter Parſon?

Page. And youthfull ſtill,in your doublet and ho
raw-rumaticke day?

Euan. There is reaſons,and cauſes for it?

Page. Wee are come to you,to doe a good office,
Parſon.

Euan. Fery-well, what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reuerend Gentleman
(be-like) hauing receiued wrong by ſome perſon
moſt odds with his owne grauity and patience, th
you ſaw.

Shal. I haue liued foure-ſcore yeeres,and-vpward;
heard a man of his place,grauity, and learning, ſo
his owne reſpect.

Euan. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him; Maſter Doctor *C*
renowned French Phyſician.

Euan. Got's-will, and his paſſion of my heart,
liefe you would tell me of a meſſe of porredge.

Page. Why?

Euan. Hee has no more knowledge in *Hibocra*
Galen, and hee is a knaue beſides: a cowardly kn